

THE GLEANER



FRESHMAN

ISSUE

APRIL, 1928

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HARRY E. ROGIN, '29

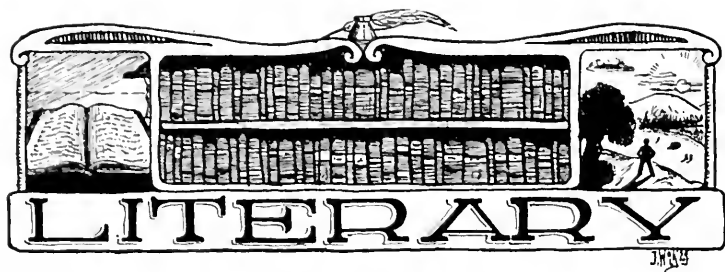
Editor-in-Chief

THE new Freshman class will find Farm School campus very democratic. Race and religion are sunk. There are neither Jews nor Gentiles; there are only Farm School students.

Many factors contribute to this. First, a common aim and goal for all: the study of agriculture. There is common work, common play and common life in the dormitories. There is universal rejoicing when bumper crops are produced and when the egg production exceeds the preceding year. There is a common hate of going to details at 5:00 o'clock on a cold or rainy morning, and a common feeling of wanting to skip details on Saturday afternoon when the score is close and the Green and Gold team is making a drive for another touchdown. Also, at times, all agree that examinations are a nuisance, and classes require too much work.

Certainly such comradeship has great advantages for the student. Many a Freshman who arrives with the thought that he is made of superior clay soon finds his place through this levelling process. The faint-hearted, on the other hand, is inducted gradually into the life of the campus and is made to feel that he will be given an equal chance to make good. Friendships begun in Freshman year may be lasting or may be passing. At any rate, there is no caste system on the campus to deter any student from advancing as far and as rapidly as he can. The matter is left with the student; and each has an equal chance.





WILLIAM V. GOODSTEIN, '29

Think Upward!

OUR lives are affected by inspiration and impressions which we obtain from people and objects. Very often there is something or someone to see or hear or something to learn, and each of these bear some relation to our future.

If we miss the people, the things, the incidents which mean so much in a person's life, we commit a crime. If we look past the great only to see the lesser, we injure ourselves by personal deprivation of the sight of the wonderful thing. We would be indeed criminal, were we to meet Hugo in person, to see only his physical appearance, while he described the adventures of one of his heroes. We would be foolish if we were bored or amused while we listened to a grand opera. Would we not be sadly neglecting our minds? Would we not be assassinating the better parts of our souls for want of intellectual and satisfying food? Yes, we would be committing a sort of mental suicide.

We may laugh and pass by everything worthwhile, intent upon insignificant and minor things. We may devote our lives to ourselves and ignore everything else. But those of us who look forward to success and happiness must fix our minds upon the superior, the great and, unlike our light and egotistical brethren, gain knowledge.

Thus we forget ourselves, we lose all thought of frivolity as we think upward, ever upward to the greater, the better and the most wonderful.



Twist of Fate

HARRY WEISSMAN, '29 and IRVING KOLTOW, '29

SNOW—blinding,—white,—yielding—cold. Snow here—snow there—nothing but snow. And, as if in grim mockery, the wind was rising steadily, piercing through the heavy bearskin coat, through the mittens, through the rawhide boots, through the very bones.

And he kept plodding onward; a huge, misshapen mass of black against the veiling whiteness of the desert of snow, plodding persistently, slowly, stubbornly, as if in defiance of the elements. Now he would halt,—and rest. Now he would stumble and stop. Now he would fall, rise,—and fall again, rest awhile this time, then shake his head, set his jaw, rise, and plod onward, body bent forward against the wind, to—nowhere; he merely walked.

And as he tramped on he grew conscious of a certain rhythm to which the thoughts of his mind kept time as in accompaniment to the crunching of his feet. Crunch, crunch, he'd get their yet if he weren't lost. What made him start out anyway? Trader down there said storm was due. Damn! it was cold! got to keep the matches dry, only can't stop now, get snowed in—if this snow keeps up he'll never reach that trading post; crunch—No yelping pack of wolves would get him—oh no! he wasn't born for that! die of cold?—yes. Die of exhaustion?—yes. But wolves? No? No! Crunch—after all why not? He'd hunted them all his life, could they not hunt him now?—better not think of that too much. Crunch—wind coming up; snow coming faster; fat chance his getting there;—crunch—'lost, no cabin, no pal, no dog, no nothing—crunch, crunch, crunch.

He was now thinking furiously to keep from realizing the cold. Each jar of his foot ended a thought, and he liked it. It angered him to stumble or fall; it broke the sequence of his memories and the speculations in his mind.

He stumbled, fell, and in sheer exhaustion lay there. It was nice he reflected. Bye and bye he'd get up, and walk, walk, walk! Who said walk? Why walk? He'll die anyway. Might as well die comfortable as not, and he was more comfortable sitting than walking. But he'll freeze! Hell! he don't care. Yet he slowly rose, settled his pack more snugly on his back and walked.

He stopped—a cabin. Must be seeing things, but he'll investigate. Yes, it was real. He pushed the door, but it stuck. He stepped back and then sent his ponderous bulk crashing through. He stood still for awhile, and as he glanced about noting the neatly piled firewood in the corner, the strips of bacon and bread on the table, and the cooking utensils, a lump came to his throat. Then he closed the door, removed his mittens and made the fire. After cooking his meal and feeling warm and snug he lit his pipe and sat down to meditate about the whereabouts of the cabin owner.

* * *

It snowed for another day and then stopped, the wind also abating. When he stepped out and looked about him, he saw a great expanse of white broken by a small woods. The grandeur of it all did not thrill him—He was lost and what he wanted was the return of the absent trapper to show him the way.

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A Passing Thought

M. MILLER, '29

WINTER in the country in the minds of many people is a period of extreme dullness. But while the country in winter is in marked contrast to the country in the summer, to one who is able to envelope himself in nature and its environments, it is but a period of rest. Following the rest period of winter there is a world of loveliness just waiting to come forth when nature brings again the age-old miracle of spring.

People who live in the country are sure to discover that happiness is a quality of thought. It is not at the mercy of environment and not entirely dependent on companionship. Otherwise we would miss the pleasure of seed time, the promise of harvest, and the glory of autumn, when hopes are realized and the barns and bins are full to overflowing.

A great many who have spent their early years in the country and who find themselves in later life living in the city have that longing to go back. Memory stores up happy pictures of the days spent in the country. Whatever was disappointing or wearisome has faded from the thoughts during the years that have passed, and the glad and happy days stand out as pleasant reminiscences.

Those who realize a long desired dream of having a home in the country will find themselves disillusioned unless they set themselves to the task of creating an environment, which, although it may not have any resemblance to the home of their youth, will gradually grow into their affections and bring to them a sense of permanence and peace.

Really to enjoy a winter in the country,

one must grow past dependence on material pleasures, and the necessity of personal companionship. There must be a reserve in one's own mentality to fall back upon, and there must be an ability to lose oneself in the company of good books and magazines. It is not constant entertainment that makes for the deepest content. It must be drawn from the inner wells of reflection, and a desire for understanding that brings one into touch with the fundamental source of all contentment.

One must be able to remember the pleasant days that have passed, and the lessons they taught; to be able to look beyond discouragement and disappointment and know that by overcoming these obstacles there is a world opening up which presents a large view of future happiness. Memory should have stored up pictures, and there must be a vision which looks beyond what the eye seems to see.

To one who acclimates himself the library becomes of inestimable value. There are golden opportunities for most of us who live in the country in winter. Hours in which we may lay aside our material work and renew our acquaintance with the greatest men and women of the world, through their writings. Hours when we may travel in many lands, among many races of people to learn finally that we are very much alike after all. The human has much the same longings, hopes and ambitions wherever he may be. Hours in which to meditate and realize that there is a purpose in life and work for us to do to accomplish our small part in this great world.

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Adventure

W. V. G., '29

THE shades of night were falling silently about the little village of —. Every evening at this hour sounds of mirth and jocose revelry would penetrate the still night air about the village tavern. Shouts of merry laughter and a lusty "Here's to you", from the throat of a sturdy peasant made many a weary traveler, passing by, retrace his steps and enter the good old hostelry.

The usual groups of farmers were seated about the large store of the inn smoking their long pipes and drinking their beer, relating wonderful tales of knighthood and chivalry or narrating some gruesome ghost story. The latter were the most popular. The same stories were told time and time again with the same effect; the ruddy faces evinced the same expressions of wonder and surprise as when they had heard the story for the first time. Again and again they called for the same narratives.

After the evening pipes had been smoked the jovial host raised his large glass and said in a stentorian voice, "Drink to health, my good friends, and then we shall have a story." Every mug was raised in mid-air as a lusty "Here's to you", rang through the air and all the lips smacked in unison. Then a din arose as an old familiar figure made his way to the center of the circle to relate an old familiar story.

Once again he told the story of Castle —, the colossal edifice on a bluff overlooking the tiny village. Although a mighty ruin, its great black massiveness could be detected for miles around as it lorded over the humble village. The story was that many years ago the Baron of —

has been brutally murdered in the south battlements by his neighboring enemy, a powerful feudal lord, and that his daughter, demented by the tragedy, still lived in the fastnesses of the castle. It was widely believed that the power and riches of the baron kindled the hatred and jealousy of his enemy. However, the real motive of the crime remained hidden in the dead heart of the murderer. Very mysterious things are said to happen in the castle in the dead hours of the night. Many of the village folk has seen gruesome sights and heard weird, unearthly sounds proceeding from the south battlement. The solution of the mystery had been attempted many times without success. At midnight, the story goes, a dim red glow shines from the battlement window and bloodcurdling shrieks pierce the stillness of the night. "No one knows the cause of these eerie phenomena, although inquisitive soldiers and other folk have often watched in the gardens, finally fleeing in terror from the very horror of the place. Until someone is brave enough to face the dangers of the castle it is hardly probable that the mystery will be solved."

After a few moments of silence following the conclusion of the old man's strange tale a deep resonant voice from the back of the room asked, "Has no one the courage to remain in the castle till the mystery is solved?" The frightened eyes of every man present turned quickly about to stare at a dimly outlined figure in the shadows, half expecting to see a cruel bewhiskered lord with a curved blade ready to slaughter them all. He was evidently a soldier, rather

below the average height for a boy of eighteen, but of strong and stocky build.

"My boy," replied the narrator, "many have gone to the castle but their courage was found waning, for the terror which its very stone walls instill can hardly be borne."

"Show me this castle, good man," said the youth impatiently, "I should like to try this venture." The venerable old man took him to the window and showed him the dark, forbidding blot against the evening sky.

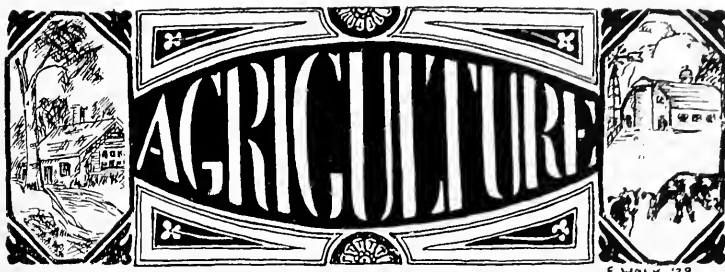
"That is the castle," he said, "but think well before you hazard your life in unknown peril."

The soldier left the tavern and shortly before noon the next day he repaired to the castle. After a steady climb for many hours he reached the top of the mountain and stood looking at the great ruin. It seemed so quiet and peaceful in the late afternoon sunlight that it was almost impossible to connect this old ruin with the formidable tradition. His well-trained eye detected a very peculiar feature of the castle. The greater part of it was in ruins yet the south battlement seemed almost unaltered by the ravages of time. However, this was no time for musing as the hour was growing late and he wished to examine the tower room before dark. He lost little time in finding the winding staircase leading to the tower, and soon was clambering up the worn stone steps. He felt very queer, as though some unseen thing were hypnotizing him. He was beginning to be unnerved and realizing this he made his will firm against all obstacles. Upon reaching the door he unhesitatingly pushed it open and stalked bravely in. The room was bare with the exception of a small chest which was next the fireplace. His interest was centered upon this. The lid was

easily lifted. Within lay an ancient dagger rusted with blood and a scrap of torn yellow manuscript. It was part of an old letter. Taking it over to the narrow slit which served as the window of the room, he read:

"Didst think thou could take her from me, she whom I loved and cherished above life? I shall see you both dead before she become the wife of mine enemy. By the friendship I bore thee ere thy treachery broke those ardent bonds, I swear I shall have my revenge. I—" Here the manuscript was again torn. The stalwart youth put it back into the chest. With thoughts of the letter occupying his mind, he left the room without further examination of it, a fact that he did not realize until he had come out into the dusk. As he ate the frugal meal he had brought with him he tried to connect the manuscript with the fable. If the Baron of ——— was murdered, then the author of the letter was the murderer, of that he was sure. No doubt the baron, being human, desired what he should not have, namely, the pretty sweetheart or wife of his friend. His imagination conjured up many romantic scenes in which two noblemen and a disputed lady played prominent parts. He was so engrossed in his fantasy that he did not notice how time was slipping by. In the sky, dark, heavy clouds were forming and the thunder in the distant hills prophesied a coming storm. Suddenly the lad became conscious of the blackness about him and the late hour. For the first time he was brought face to face with his grim mission. The unearthly silence and horror of the place instilled a dread in him which held him back. He struggled hard to regain his soldier's courage. Very slowly and noisily he groped his way up the stone steps, knock-

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STANLEY FIDELGOLTZ, '29

YOU are about to enter into a vocation as old as civilization itself, a vocation that feeds and clothes the world, one that marks the milestones in the progress of nations. There is no more honorable or enjoyable occupation than agriculture, certainly none more romantic.

To most of you the calling of farming is but a recent desire born out of a tiredness of the turmoil of city life;—to others of you it is merely a fancy. No doubt, a goodly number of you have come in contact with the country in one way or another and have a dim, far-fetched vision of what agriculture really is. Just as in any other vocation or profession you will be oftentimes disgusted and lose patience. If you are sincerely interested in farming you will overlook the trivial, everyday matters that cause such a condition to arise.

Here, at Farm School, you will find an institution that stands out, that is not to be duplicated in the entire country.

Observation is a factor that measures the difference between success and failure in agriculture. Therefore, be observant of what is going on in and around you, and apply the theoretical work that you have learned in the classroom and you will find yourself in the way to your goal.

HORTICULTURE

New varieties of apple trees and other fruit trees have been added to the Horticulture department's holdings. From the standpoint of financial returns Horticulture has experienced one of the best seasons. A portion of the old peach orchard has been removed on account of old age, and the ground will be used for the growing of vegetables. The department is planning to set out a new asparagus field and increase the vegetable acreage considerably. The vineyard is also to be extended and a new raspberry, blackberry and strawberry field is to be planted in the spring. The coming year will be one offering great experience.

During 1927 over 4500 bushels apples, 609 bushels peaches, 3000 quarts of strawberries and 350 baskets of grapes were produced and sold.

POULTRY

With the coming of Spring, operations will be in full swing once more. The brooder houses have been disinfected, the flock diarrhea tested and all possible precautions taken to insure a good healthy, sturdy flock. New blood will be added with the expected addition of Single-comb White Leghorns and Barred

Rocks. Four new brooder houses and two colony houses will be built and the present colony houses relocated to prevent a worm infection among the birds. Incubation has started and will continue well into June.

During the year 1927, 220,000 eggs were produced, 1000 broilers were sold and 1600 pullets were raised.

DAIRY

The dairy is progressing slowly but surely in every way. The entire herd is absolutely free of tuberculosis and contagious abortion. At present the daily milk production is near 700 quarts which is quite high for this time of the year. With the installation of the De-Laval milking machine outfit comes a new experiment in Farm School. The entire plant has been overhauled and repairs made where needed. There is no doubt that the dairy plant is at the best the school has ever seen it. With a little care and common sense on the part of the students in handling livestock and equipment, considerable can be done in keeping the place in good condition.

LANDSCAPE

It will soon be time for the beautifiers of the school grounds to come out of their winter quarters and do a little touching up of the landscape. Most of the work up to the present has consisted in making cuttings of privets, Rose of Sharon, Spiraea and other species. The ornamental trees and shrubs on the campus have been pruned for the growing season. The most noticeable work going on is the preparation for planting a privet hedge back of Ullman Hall, removing the old worm-eaten apple trees.

During the 1927 season 8000 evergreen seedlings, 1000 perennials, and 15,000 privet cuttings were acquired.

GREENHOUSE

The Greenhouse men are looking ahead. They have prepared themselves for Easter and Mother's Day by planting the necessary varieties of flowers. Gladiolas, geraniums, Calla lilies, carnations and snap dragons seem to be the flowers desired for these two holidays. Several hundred cuttings have been made of mums, carnations and begonias. By taking care of the boilers and watching the flowers, the Greenhouse squad have expectations of a good season.

HOME BARN

Several changes have been instituted at the Home Farm during the past year, the most outstanding being the centralization of all labor and the housing of all horses at the Home Barn. Also under this plan the work is done more efficiently, and the horses receive better attention.

Seven pure-bred registered sows, four Berkshires and three Duroc-Jerseys were purchased by Dean Goodling and Mr. Stangel at the Harrisburg Fair. The offspring will be sold for breeding purposes rather than for meat, as was previously done.

Plans have been made for having a twenty-acre tract of potatoes. With the use of proper methods and diligent work there should be no reason why the average yield should not reach 350 bushels per acre.

During 1927, 1500 bushels potatoes, 1500 bushels wheat, 400 tons of hay and 1500 bushels of corn were harvested.

Controversy Over Tuberculin Testing

STANLEY FIDELGOLTZ, '29

A SITUATION is engulfing the dairy industry that threatens to bring forth a great economic loss and perhaps jeopardize the health of the public, all depending upon the attitude of cow owners and the outcome of scientific investigation. It is a question vital to milk producers and important to the consuming public. The former faces a great monetary loss whereas the latter is confronted with disease and suffering resulting in great mortality. There is hardly a farm journal that does not contain at least one article for or against tuberculin testing, impressing upon us the vital significance of the matter. The entire issue of tuberculin testing is founded upon the assumption that tuberculosis is transmitted from cows to humans and is a deadly menace endangering the health of the public. There are innumerable angles from which to survey the subject. Every issue should be given careful consideration.

It is agreed by bacteriologists that certain germs undergo changes in type and form in accordance with their environment. The tubercle bacilli comes under this class. In an experiment the tubercle bacilli of human origin was injected into the teats of a cow, causing more or less intense local infection lasting for several months. When bovine tubercle bacilli were injected into the teats of a cow it spread, affecting the pelvic region, respiratory passages and certain glands resulting in death five months after inoculation. These experiments infer that bovine and human tuberculosis are not the same. However, it does not prove that bovine tuberculosis is not injurious to humans.

A tuberculosis culture isolated from the knee joint of a human patient was inoculated into a calf, producing lesions. Germs from this calf were reinoculated into a second calf and so on until four calves in all were treated. The first two calves developed local lesions, while those produced in the third calf were more extensive.

The germs present in the first and third calf were of the human type, whereas the germs of the fourth calf were of the bovine type.

Inasmuch as bovine bacilli has never been transmitted to human beings experimentally, these experiments are not scientifically conclusive evidence to show that bovine and human tuberculosis are capable of changing from one type to another. Nevertheless, it has been conclusively proven that one-quarter of the cases of tuberculosis is due to infection with the bovine type of tuberculosis.

The present tests for the detection of tuberculosis in bovines are not infallible. Very few tests are 100 per cent perfect. Assuming that bovine tuberculosis is transmittable and harmful to human beings, why not make pasteurization compulsory? Some would say,—Pasteurization will destroy 93 per cent of the germs in milk. What about the other 7 per cent?

It is true that various state governments have appropriated sums of money to indemnify owners of condemned cattle. Is the indemnity so paid reasonable and have these state governments set aside a sufficient sum of money to pay for all condemned cattle? During the first six months of tuberculin testing in New Jersey, three-fourths of the money

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HARRY WEISSMAN, '29

ALBERT KUSSELEF, '29

Editorial

FARM SCHOOL is growing, and while it is growing we have the best opportunities of learning. Any innovation or installation of apparatus at any of our departments naturally tends to stimulate a keen interest. The Dairy has just secured four single-unit milking machines in the hopes of increasing the milk production, and also for the purposes of our education. The Poultry department will undertake for the first time the raising of Barred Rocks. The Agricultural department is venturing more extensively into the growing of potatoes this coming year. The Alumni have given us a new athletic field. An incinerator for the kitchen has just been installed. There are a hundred and one things going on in the various departments of the school, and on the Campus. We must notice them, and inquire more fully about their value.

We are fortunate to be here, while this N. F. S. expansion is going on. Of course, there is a certain growth in Farm School every year, but it seems that this year in particular will have many new things in store for our benefit. Stop! Look! Listen!

H. W., '29.



Woof! Woof! I'm a canary. Tweet! Tweet! I'm a lion. In like a lion, and out like a lamb.

Yes Sir! We're coming in like a lion, but as for leaving like a lamb,—that's out. Our expectations are planned to exceed more than a lot of roaring.

The new Senior and Junior classes have elected their representatives to the good ship *Council*, so just lamp this array of able seamen.

Rosenzweig, '29, is at the helm. Miller, Fidelgoltz and Ruch, all of '29, will assist in the deck scrubbing. Down in the boiler room you will find the two Werrin brothers and "Moish" Levine of the '30 class.

Over the lashing and dashing fury of the sea of monotony they will ply their rusty ship, to the land of "Harmony and Happiness", "Melody and Mirth".

Time has not permitted the new régime to prove its worth, but elaborate and extraordinary plans are under way to furnish the studes with a continual diversion in school life.

We sincerely solicit the cooperation of all land lubbers, and especially undergraduates.

The Senate after practically an entire year of inactivity is set for a policy of strict enforcement of all rules of the faculty and student body. The new Senators are:

President—Rosenzweig, '29

Vice-President—Fidelgoltz, '29

J. Wolk, '29

S. Rosen, '29

We are doing our utmost to secure for the student body several privileges, but we need the support of all to insure us a productive year. Cooperate with us.

The Poultry Club started its existence in the latter part of October, and was composed of members of the Freshman

class with Sam Marcus as its president.

The purpose of the organization is to investigate and become familiar with all phases of poultry problems. To effect this we intend to hatch and raise 15 eggs of a pure-bred bird to maturity.

We constructed a house for brooding hens and now are attempting to interest numbers of the Board in our endeavors.

We entered the only exhibit of birds at Farm Product Show, which consisted of exceptionally fine pens of Rhode Island Reds and White Leghorns.

Under the leadership of Mr. Purnell, the Horticultural Society has so flourished that it has established a record in the school for any other club to equal.

For the first time in N. F. S. history a fruit exhibit was shown by the society in conjunction with the corn show. Next year the organization hopes to enter exhibits at the Harrisburg Farm Products Show.

Through the courtesy of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, the club has been able to secure motion pictures of horticultural interest. The first picture of the series was shown on March first.

The Horticultural Society held its first annual farewell banquet in honor of the graduating seniors. The Seniors and Mr. Purnell gave short talks on the past and future of the organization, while the "Two Harmoniacs", Weissman and Levine, entertained with their smoldering tunes.

From "The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la-la" to "When Autumn leaves are falling" we've played, and are still blowing strong. At all dances, at all school affairs, at all Alumni Banquets the syncopating "Five" were found, tooting their torrid tunes to the general public. At the "Booster" dance we raised the temperature despite the

zero weather, and also put across the "Roy-Rosy" combination in musical dialogue.

Great credit is due the various members of the orchestra. When Mr. Skaist deserted us for the "Trials and Tribulations" of matrimony, "Dal" Ruch, '29, stepped in his shoes (despite the fact that they were too big for him) and led the quintette acceptably for all. His two co-saxophonists, Rosenzweig and Abrams, together with "Reds" Huff, the Trenton violinist and R. Stuhlman, alias Joe Cymbal, and Lehrer, the pianist, complete the orchestra.

The orchestra wishes to take this opportunity to thank the outgoing Senior Class for their splendid cooperation in the past year and to wish them the greatest of successes into whatever field of endeavor they may venture. We certainly will miss good old "Bruno", the "Song and Dance Man" from Arkansas.

The "Booster" Dance of January 28th, held under the auspices of the Student Council, proved to be very successful.

The "Boosters" is an organization working in the interests of more and better social and scholastic activities in the school.

At present the club is compiling a Farm School Hand-book which will contain everything of general interest to the incoming Freshmen. Besides a map of the various buildings on the campus, the book will contain the songs and cheers, the rules of the Senate, articles by some of our Faculty, and other bits of information.

SENIOR CLASS

We have already started our program and plan of administration for our senior year. At present the greatest problem confronting us seems to be that of raising

enough funds for our YEAR BOOK. However, with Mr. Samuels, our Faculty adviser, aiding us, we are now temporarily at ease in regards to monetary affairs. The officers elected for the year are:

President—Rosenzweig.

Vice-President—Miller

Treasurer—Ruch

Secretary—Kisseloff.

Our Junior year will always hold pleasant memories for us. Of course, there were some setbacks; but in general we've been rather successful in all our undertakings. We held the upper hand in the Freshman-Junior Boxing Tournament, and Basketball, but the Frosh teams defeated us in football and baseball. We are the first class in the history of N. F. S. to wear standardized class rings. We held our Junior "Prom", which has been adjudged the best dance held—even the weather working for our favor. We organized the "Boosters" and, of course, continued to supply most of the material for the orchestra. The Twenty-nine Class captured most of the prizes at the Annual Farm Product Show held here.

Besides that we've held our occasional trysts with the Freshman class in the moonlight. We were hunted by State Troopers and we "gave them the glad hand" at No. 6, to say nothing of the many remarkable "Bull" sessions.

To the Thirty Class, we extend our best wishes that they may uphold and maintain the traditions and customs of Farm School.

To the Graduating Seniors we wish to extend our congratulations for their excellent record in the field of athletics and scholarship.

JUNIOR CLASS

"As freshman first we came to school, Exams and tests and hazing rules"—

We've gone through the mill and we've enjoyed it. With Joseph Lynch, '28, as our Senior adviser, we entered into the spirit of the N. F. S. customs and are now started on our Junior year.

Our class colors of Black and Gold floated victoriously over the athletic field in the football and baseball tilts. The Freshman Football Banquet, thanks to the whole-hearted support of all concerned, displayed the good school spirit characteristic of N. F. S. underclassmen.

Our officers for the next term are:

President—M. Werrin

Vice-President—M. Levine

Secretary—E. Seipp

Treasurer—Coleman

Our council members will be N. Werrin and M. Levine, while our representatives on the senate will consist of M. Werrin, E. Seipp and M. Oros.

THE GRADUATING CLASS 25 YEARS AGO

In 1903 the commencement was held in June.

The class consisted of six students.

50 per cent of the class was on the GLEANER staff.

100 per cent of the class delivered talks as part of the graduating exercises program.

100 per cent of the class won honor prizes in project work.

In 1903, N. F. S. won 50 per cent of its baseball games.

83 per cent of the class was on the football team.

In 1903 Farm School acquired its post office with one of the faculty as postmaster.

In 1903 Dr. Krauskopf and his wife set sail for Switzerland for the summer months.

CLASS FEELDS IN 1903

As special tribute to the graduating class, the Juniors planned to hold a farewell banquet, all knowledge of which was to be kept secret from the underclassmen.

The Sophomores, feeling hurt in not being invited, kidnapped the president of the upper class, gagged him, and left him trussed up in the potato cellar.

CHAPEL NOTES

We were fortunate in securing as speaker for our Chapel Services held January 13, Reverend Freeman of the First Baptist Church of Doylestown. His short but eloquent talk was on "Character". We would appreciate such messages again in the near future.

* * *

Memorial services marking the seventieth anniversary of the birth of the late Dr. Krauskopf were held at Segal Hall on January 20.

Mr. Joseph Willing, Assistant District Attorney of Philadelphia, was the speaker, and he very ably paid tribute to the late Rabbi as a man—as a preacher,—and as a teacher.

He briefly outlined the early life and later achievements of Dr. Krauskopf, mentioning particularly his ability as an orator. He stressed forcefulness and persona magnetism as two qualities which, combined with sympathy and understanding, made our Founder the man who was so ardently admired by people of all religions.

* * *

Doctor Frank of Philadelphia delivered an instructive talk on January 27th, on the relation of the care of the teeth to bodily health. He stressed regularity of habits as the foremost aid to instinctive hygiene.

Mr. Schultz, of the Oak Lane School at Philadelphia, delivered one of the most interesting talks of our chapel services thus far. He gave us a graphic picture of the historic relation of war to agriculture, impressing upon us that throughout the world's history nations which have risen to prosperity have been ruined through the advent of war.

* * *

A helpful chapel service was conducted by Rabbi Julian B. Feibelman of the Keneseth Israel Temple in Philadelphia. His topic was "Great Possessions". Among these he included a job, a hobby, a friend, a church and a cause. Rabbi Feibelman is one of our best speakers and we assure him he is always welcome.

* * *

In the past the daily assemblies held before classes have been more or less disinteresting and of a humdrum, matter-of-course, nature. Recently, however, Mr. Samuels has successfully undertaken to make the few minutes spent both enjoyable and profitable. Through informal talks on current topics of the day he has made the assembly periods well worth while.

The most recent topic for discussion concerned itself with the merits of the various departments of the newspaper. Joseph Lynch discussed the editorial page; "Muddy" Levine took the sport section; "Bruno" Bernhard, the general news; Al Kisseleff, the comics; "John" Liebernick, the advertisements; Trichon, the financial page; Abrams, the society page; and Andy Bloomer, the radio section.

More open discussion of this sort would help make the assemblies interesting; then, too, there might be more music.

L. H. RICKERT, '29.

"DOC" TAYLOR

Through the influence of Mr. Grant Wright, the Student Body was afforded the pleasure on January 29, 1928, of listening to "Doc" Taylor of Moline, Ill., author of "Soil Culture" and other Agricultural literature.

The fact that "Doc" Taylor is almost an octogenarian did not seem in the least to hinder him from vehemently expressing his sincere opinions on Agriculture.

After a short discussion on the relation of pessimism to success, he went on to outline briefly but vividly, the history of Agriculture. He mentioned the importance of farming and stated, "Civilization began with the plow and it will end with the plow." He summarized some of the first principles of agriculture, stressing the value of fertilizers to plant growth.

"Doc" Taylor describes "success" as being not so much material wealth amassed through a lifetime, as the realization of having made oneself indispensable to the progress of mankind.

We hope he will continue his annual visits. H. W., '29.

TWIST OF FATE

(Continued from page 5)

Maybe he was dead? He would wait—and he waited.

On the fifth day his provisions ran out. He must hunt food. He slung his rifle across his shoulder and tramped to the woods. A rabbit track crossed his path and he followed it to where the tracks of another animal, a coyote, no doubt, met the path of the rabbit. Then,—only the coyote's track went on. He smiled and followed the coyote, and then it stopped. He noted the trampled condition of the snow, and then on'y a single track, this time of a

(Continued on page 19)



SPORTS



JOSEPH KOVARICK, '29

EDITORIAL

IN AN advertisement from one of the leading telephone companies the slogan, "Get the Message Through" is used. There the caption stood for quality service, both accurate and reliable.

We also have a similar message to get through to the incoming Freshman class. With the advent of the '28 Class one of the most successful athletic years have passed. For many years Farm School has struggled to gain a place in the "spotlight" in the athletic world and last year, with the continuous aid of Coach Samuels, they reached the peak of fame.

But that class has gone on. And with them have gone many of the star athletes whose names have gone down in history. When the "little man with the big cigar" calls for material it is up to the '31 Class to fill in the gaps made and learn teamwork, the co-operation that Farm School teaches. For this is more valuable than anything else you can learn.

Our slogan, like the one above, also calls for quality service, both accurate and reliable. It is "Fighting Hearts, They Can't be Licked".

THE BASKETBALL SEASON

Basketball season was opened in a blaze of glory by an overwhelming victory over Brown Prep of Philadelphia. Although the visitors were no match for our team, the game was quite interesting throughout. The final score was 45-18, and Elliot was high scorer with 10 field goals and one foul. Despite the mediocre opposition the fine possibilities open to our team in future games was clearly demonstrated.

In the second game the basketeers of Burlington, New Jersey, High School came to the lair of a fighting team and were beaten to the tune of 27-14. As they defeated us last year in a close game, this victory evened up the count.

The first half was exceedingly fast with neither team displaying much superiority over the other. At half-time we led by the score of 12-5. "Dutch" Jung displayed the best form of the evening, scoring both on offense and defense. This encounter proved to be one of the most interesting of the season.

We met with our first reverse of the season at the hands of Pennington Prep. The game was played at Pennington, and the strange court held our team back for a short time. The Prep School boys sprang into an early lead and were still leading at half-time 16-9. In the second half the Aggies displayed their old form, but could not overcome the lead. The final score was 33-20 with

Jung's 9 points looming as our best individual record.

The fourth game again showed the power of our aggregation of court stars when we decisively defeated P. I. D. by a 41-14 score. The first half was quite close and exciting and the score stood 16-8 in our favor at half-time. However, in the second half we rode roughshod over our opposition, burying them under an avalanche of points. Elliot and Weshner were tied for high scoring honors with eleven points each.

Williamson Trade School came up for the fifth game and brought along another one of its fighting teams that always make it an enjoyable opponent. This team was no exception and in the most exciting game of the season we managed to come in on the long end of a 29-27 score. It was a see-saw battle throughout, with Hognet's foul-shooting forming a spectacular interlude. Captain "Stud" Elliot played his usually fast game and was high scorer with 13 points.

Our sixth game ended in another victory. The opposition was provided by Taylor School and the final score was 35-26. The game was marked by an exceptionally large number of fouls being chalked up against each team. The work of Cowen, Hognet and Stonitsch at guard and the pass-work of Weshner, Jung and Lazarowitz were the features of the game.

A second game with P. I. D. again resulted in a victory for us and also terminated our sports relations with that institution. The small court at P. I. D. proved a handicap to our team but they came through, nevertheless, with a 25-20 triumph. Our five-man defense had them baffled and it was not until the last few minutes that they were able to come within striking distance. Jung was the high scorer with 8 points while Cowen and

Stonitsch performed brilliantly at guard.

The Freshmen of the Philadelphia College of Osteopathy proved rather easy sailing for the quintet in their sixth straight home win. Lazarowitz was high scorer with fifteen points, after providing one of the most dazzling exhibitions of basketball seen this year. It was an interesting game throughout. The final score was 35-14.

Our first home defeat of the year was incurred at the hands of the powerful Temple University Physical Education School. The score was 39-19. Although the quintet put up a game fight, the result was never in doubt after the first half. No alibis can be offered as we were simply beaten by a better team.

On Friday, February 24th, the team journeyed to Reading to be vanquished by the Reading High School outfit. The Aggies, unused to playing on an enclosed court, got away to a poor start and were soon trailing 13-0. They rallied but could not cut down the impressive lead of the Pretzel boys. The final score was 36-30. Lazarowitz by his spectacular and accurate passing distinguished himself, while Jung scored 11 points and Hognet 10.

The following evening we completed our schedule by trouncing the five representing Fort Washington Prep of New York. It was a well played, clean-cut game and was replete with thrills. We proved just a little too strong for them and the game ended in our favor. The score was 31-24.

The season can be considered a complete success as the record compiled was the most impressive since the re-adoption of basketball at Farm School. The strength of the team may be seen from the fact that we were invited to participate in the Penn Tournament. Although our success there was short lived we can feel honored by the fact

that we were requested to take part in it. Under the leadership of Captain-Elect "Morphy" Weshner, another successful season is assured for next year.

OUR CAPTAINS

The success of this coming year will be determined as much by the success of our athletic teams as by any other factor. To surpass, or even to equal, the records of the past year is an achievement worthy of striving for.

If the choice of Captains means anything, we are destined for a wonderfully successful year. Certainly it would be a hard task to find a better set of leaders than "Bud" Hoguet in Football, Roy Stuhlman in Baseball, and "Morphy" Weshner in Basketball. These three men are well known to followers of Farm School sports and need no further introduction.

"Bud" Hoguet can be classed as the premier athlete of this institution. He holds down a regular position and is a star in all sports. His specialty is football and we can say without trepidation that it would be hard to find his equal in Prep School ranks.

Roy Stuhlman captained his class team in his Freshman year, and in his second year earned himself a regular position on the varsity nine. At the end of the year he was elected captain.

"Morphy" Weshner has been a regular in both varsity baseball and basketball since he first came to school. His specialty, however, was basketball and after holding down a forward position for two years, was elected captain.

With men of the calibre of these just mentioned it is only natural to pin great hopes on our athletes for the coming year, and with the proper support and cooperation it is most probable that our ondest hopes will be vindicated.

TWIST OF FATE

(Continued from page 16)

wolf. He muttered something about the survival of the fittest and grimly set his teeth and unsling his rifle. This was his game—wolf. He marched on—noting nothing but the footprints. Then—he heard a sound, turned about, and fired. He missed and turned to run in his panic. He felt the snap of the wolf's jaws at his feet. This was the end—it was the law of life,—to live and kill. And so he had lived, so shall he be killed. He stumbled and as he looked up into those glistening eyes and felt the sharp pang of his throat, he gurgled one despairing, inarticulate cry.

* * *

The next day it snowed.

Jesse—"Hirsh plays the piano by ear."

Jule—"He certainly must be a monstrosity!"

Mr. Schmieder—"I have large quantities of bugs."

Wattman—"You've got nothing on me."

Steinsfleifer—"Vy do de fellows call me a Grik?"

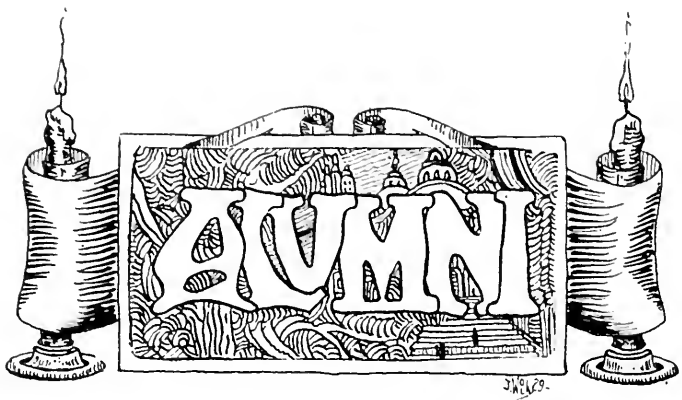
Channin—"Becose your fadder came ofer from Europe."

Steinsfleifer—"Vell, vy don't dey call you der same ting?"

Channin—"Your pop came ofer from Europe, but mine is still there yet."

Among us students there are two sides to every question, the Dean's and Mr. Goodling's.

Mr. McKown—"And all this talk about the Turks having harems is false; why there isn't a single man in Mecca who has more than one wife!"



D. DALLAS RUGH, '29

THE student body wishes to thank the Alumni for their untiring work toward improving athletic activities of the school. At the recent dance held by the Philadelphia chapter, the profit of \$126.62 was given toward the new Alumni football field. Accordingly, many members of our Alumni Association responded with money until today, that field already made, can compete with any of its kind in the country.

Again we wish to thank these contributors who are mentioned here:

David Aukberg, '22	H. Wolf, '13	Nathan Lipshutz,
Harry Bachman, '27	James Work, '13	M. Magram, '16
William Bayer, '23	J. Flinn, '14	J. Malkin, '23
Casper Blumer, '23	W. Rinnenberg, '25	Ira J. Mills, '20
David Becker, '23	M. Greenwald, '21	N. Nussbaum, '16
Nathan Bronberg, '20	<i>Bus Trip Surplus</i>	J. Sauer, '17
Archie Cohen, '27	J. Hellar, '02	C. J. Toor, '16
Harry Corenzwitz, '21	David Platt, '23	S. Rudley, '08
Clifton Doremus, '26	M. Seletor, '16	S. B. Samuels, '21
Harry Einstein, '11	E. Schlesinger, '13	Abe Miller, '07
Harry Eskin, '23	G. Hecker, '14	Al. Finkel, '15
S. Erde, '17	Levitow, '16	H. Rubenstein, '11
Fairstein, '23	M. Mayer, '18	S. Fine, '20
S. Feinberg, '06	S. Bruwasser, '20	Ben Goldberg, '11
Leopold Pincus, '23	Jacob Finkel, '13	Sherman, '18
Hyman Rabinowitz, '22	Harry Fichtel, '26	Bernhard Ostrolenk, '06
Harry Radler, '17	Louis Fox, '22	S. Rocklin, '11
J. Robbins, '19	Solis Galob, '26	Stoloroff, '13
David Rothstein, '22	Leo Ginsberg, '14	Bagden,
H. Ross, '15	Ben Goldberg, '20	J. Ratner, '06
Rubinow, '16	J. Gross, '21	Rosen,
M. Semel, '15	Walter Groman, '20	B. Mullory, '17
F. Selegman, '25	S. Hausenow, '12	David Brandt, '26
S. Sobel, '10	P. Hancherow, '16	Rubin, '25
B. Smith, '10	H. B. Hirsch, '20	Weizel, '14
B. Stern, '15	J. Iger, '23	Herman Litwin, '27
M. Snyder, '08	Louis Keisling, '22	De Vito, '21
P. Trupin, '26	Joseph Kleinfeld, '26	
S. Waxman, '21	L. Kravil, '12	
B. Weightman, '13	H. Krause, '21	
A. Witkin, '14	M. Krause, '21	

Total Collected—
\$2,000.62.

CHAPTER CHATS

PHILADELPHIA CHAPTER:

The Philadelphia outfit staged their elections recently and here is the outcome:

President—Sam Rudley, '08

First Vice-President—George Hecker, '14

Second Vice-President—Martine Rosenthal, '26

Secretary and Treasurer—Edgar E. Heesch, '21.

An executive committee was instituted which consists of Selector, Rosen, Rasking, Rosenthal, and Heesch. The meeting place of the Philadelphia Chapter is at Whitehall, 4105 Chestnut Street, and they get together, not only when the sun shines but on the second Sunday of each month without fail.

Here are the very words from "Ed" Heesch's pen, "Help us make our Alma Mater a bigger institution, join us and see what we are doing."

These "Philadelphians" might be in the city of brotherly love, but be careful, they are out for blood, real flesh and blood. Why just in the last year they scouted up one hundred and three new members.

Rudley's efforts have been untiring and he has certainly worked very devotedly. He has been to the New York Chapter meeting several times in order to keep both organizations close together.

The annual dance was held at Whitehall on Tuesday, February 21st. Some two hundred or more people attended including many men of the Graduating Class of '21 who were guests of the chapter. The older "grads" were numerous, notwithstanding how well they are distributed over the entire country.

It was quite different from the usual run of dances, in that some clever juvenile talent was displayed in the form of five snappy little dancing girls.

Refreshments were plentiful, the music by the Green and Gold orchestra proved to be super heated, and a half dozen very fine prizes were given.

And as a last thing the "Philadelphians" are looking forward to two more great days, June 30th and July 1st, when the Alumni celebrate their annual get-together. If it is enjoyed as much as last year—Nuff sed.

* * *

NEW YORK CHAPTER:

The ever alert boys from the Great White Way are still up and doing. Appended hereon is the result of their elections recently:

President—Dr. Henry Ross, '15

Vice-President—Max Semel, '15

Second Vice-President—Lewis A. Kravit

Financial Secretary—David Platt, '23

Corresponding Secretary—Samuel Hausman, '11

ALUMNI NOTES

Brunowaser, '20, better known as "Bruno", has entered the political field and is a member of the Board of Education of Pittsburgh. It appears that "Bruno" is the entire executive force of the Pittsburgh Chapter. Good stuff, "Bruno", keep it up.

"Burt" Taylor, '26, is connected with the Jenison Dairy Feeds Co., and reports that his address is Box 25, Jenison, Michigan.

"Joe" Kisber, '26, has success that is far reaching: he is in the rubber tire business in Memphis, Tennessee.

Denver, Colorado, can boast of one of its residents in the form of Sam Katz, '27, who is doing real well with the large dairy herd of the Jewish Sanatorium there.

(Continued on page 26)



PHILIP WEBER, '29

IT WAS stormy and cold—that accounted for my presence at the fire-side; and accompanying that solitude of peace, came a dreamy repose, heightened by the weather and warmth. I fell asleep and began to dream. I was in my yacht and was drifting. From Hawaii with its entrancing melodies I coursed onward to the South Seas, where I was shipwrecked. By an odd coincidence I found myself in Egypt, engaged in viewing its world-famed tombs, and imagining Rameses, with his millions of barbarian workers constructing this marvel.

I started, nodded again, and this time was transported to the Bachelors' Club, playing a round of golf, and eventually establishing a new record when—

"Mr. Thought," a voice said, "I am very sorry to interfere at this time, but you have forgotten your Exchanges. They are due soon."

I am sure it was Conscience, though I looked around and failed to note any presence. However, I set to work at once.

I find the *Archive*, Northeast High, Philadelphia, Pa., to be an excellent magazine. It is admirably balanced, its

literary department is above par and all of the other departments are well represented. Unfortunately, you have failed to include an exchange department.

In viewing the *Southron*, South Philadelphia High, Philadelphia, Pa., my time was enjoyably spent. The cover is clever and the cuts are well arranged. Max Sonder's "En Nocte" is well written and as a whole we class the *Southron* as an original publication.

The Item, Dorchester High, Dorchester, Mass., is a compliment to the feminine sex. Try not to display such a large amount of tragic stories. There must be a few giggles in your school. Your issue is neatly blended; but a few cuts will somewhat relieve the mind of straight reading. And then, too, you might put in a few campus notes.

The Oriole, Baltimore City College, Baltimore, Md., is to be praised for its fine reading matter. Your literary and poetry departments are unusually fine.

Upon reading the *Student*, Homs High School, Covington, Ky., I find a few good departments. However, there are too many ads for such a small issue.

What claimed my immediate interest

(Continued on page 26)

Campus Chatter

According to our latest expectations the Student Body might be permitted to smoke in the club room. We hope the Senate would do their utmost to secure this slight privilege.

* * * * *

The inactivity of the Senate last year was due principally to the inactivity of the Senators. With the new members of the "once most powerful organization" in school pulling together and with vigor, a big year should be in store for us.

* * * * *

It seems rather encouraging that several students not on the GLEANER Staff are beginning to contribute towards our publications. M. Miller, '29, and L. H. Rickert, '29, have offered material for this issue and we hope it is merely a "warming up".

* * * * *

Now that we are all back from our "Easter" vacation, we wonder whether the faculty and "Board" could not draw up a definite calendar for the year so as to do away with the confusion and doubt preceding each vacation period.

* * * * *

The inseparables of the Second Floor Club Room, Inc., have disbanded physically, but the GLEANER has inside dope on the matter and knows they're all together in spirit. Incidentally, the entire "clique" is connected with the GLEANER and are regular contributors.

* * * * *

The GLEANER is very pleased to announce that the prize offered by Carl P. Green, '28, for the most useful contributor outside staff members, has been awarded to William Goodstein, '29.

* * * * *

In the fistic encounter between Monkey-wrench Toland and Louisiana Jake, contenders for the detail skipper's title, both emerged.—It is said, however, that Jake won by a drawl.

* * * * *

This space is devoted to those at OUR annex at the Jewish Hospital. There is no one there, so we leave this blank.

* * * * *

One of our alumni, formerly of the '29 Class, Sid Jungman, has visited us and reports that he is engaged in raising geraniums—on the fire escape of his home in New York City.

ADVENTURE

(Continued from page 8)

ing down loose particles of stone as he went.

When he reached the tower room he threw open the door and walked in. All was black and still. He tried to convince himself that the ghostly tradition was a myth, but the assumption of this idea was only to hide from himself the fear arising in his mind. A clock in the distance tolled three. He wanted to leave, but courage reproached him. He was uneasy and nervous, but stood firm, waiting in alarmed expectancy for something to happen. His eyes were drawn as by a magnet to the old chest which seemed illumined by a strange light. Vainly he tried to shift his gaze, but it was riveted uncontrollably on the box of cedar. Suddenly with a sharp click the lid sprang back. An icy chill crept up his spine. Slowly two tiny balls of glowing red fire rose from the chest. They danced devilishly before his eyes like crimson sunspots, revolving rapidly and growing larger and larger with a low rumbling sound which was becoming more intense every moment. Soon the two huge, flaming balls merged in the air. The room was filled with the heavy crimson glow and the mighty rumbling pained his ears. A volume of black smoke shot up before the now terrified youth and seemed, to his despairing gaze, to whirl into the shape of an old man with streaming white hair and horrible mien. The boy fixed his eyes upon those staring glassy eyes and the pinched bony face of deadly pallor which gleamed with hatred. The spectre's clawlike hand held the gleaming dagger which dripped with thick, red blood. From a hideous gash in his breast the blood trickled and as each drop reached the floor a wild piercing scream rent the air. Under the influence of this

supernatural power the youth could but helplessly watch the scene with smarting eyes. The rumbling became a deafening roar which dazed him as it pounded in his ears. The fullness of the flaming glow filled him like a grate and dulled his brain. A mist came before his eyes. He battled against the overpowering lethargy, but the black monster bore down upon him and he lapsed into unconsciousness with the glittering dead eyes of the spectre upon him.

The cold gray mist of dawn was creeping into the room when next he woke. He was weak and dazed. With faltering steps he left the empty room. As he climbed laboriously down the steps a phantom passed him. She was beautiful and seemed young though her hair was like snow. As she glided past him her floating veil brushed against the side of his head. It scorched him as though a burning fire were running through his hair. He turned and saw her enter the room he had just quitted, but he did not follow her. He blinked once or twice and wondered whether it was really a phantom or a figment of his imagination, an hallucination. His thoughts were confirmed when he looked at his feet and saw—blood.

The refreshing rain and cold morning air soon revived his strength as he made his way to town. The night's horror was still upon him and so claimed his mind that he was in the streets of the village before he was aware of it. A shop window with a display of flaming red attracted his attention, perhaps because of the ghastly recollection, still fresh in his mind. The shop window reflected a man different from the former youth. Yesterday he had been a handsome youth, but this was a haggard man with a streak of white through the chestnut hair where, he claims, the phantom touched him. This

could not be the same man! Aye, it was an old man in appearance if not years.

You may say that the terrific storm, a bolt of lightning, and the terror caused by his solitary visit to the grim fortress had produced a strange hallucination, and that but the mad daughter of the

murdered lord had passed him on the stairs, but he believes differently. He would have told you that there are some things in life that man or impetuous youth cannot play with and remain unscorched, least of all with the mystery of the unknown.

I Knew Him When

VICTOR, '29

Your light may dazzle other men
But never those that knew you when—

The soaring eagle seems a wren
To all the birds that knew him when—

Your old home town and native glen
Are full of those who knew you when—

To build the bridge or drain the fen
Counts naught to those who knew you when—

Tho' Daniel dared the lion's den,
"A fake," cried those who knew him when—

Of all cold words of tongue or pen
The worst are these: "I knew him when—"



ALUMNI NOTES

(Continued from page 21)

The 400 Bushel Club of Bucks County, Pa., welcomed "Archie" Cohen, '27, who just completed a very successful season at spud culture.

Mr. Samuels will no doubt succeed in his usual capable manner, and the Alumni Association are as one in wishing him the best of luck.

S. Krotoshonsky, '22, the hero of the "Lost Battalion" recently arrived from Palestine, where he had been doing pioneer work since his graduation. Upon his arrival here Krotoshonsky was offered a prominent part in the making of the war film "The Lost Battalion".

The magnificent Green and Gold banner seen flying in the breeze was a gift of the Phila. Chapter of the Associated Alumni.

Samuel S. Rudley, '13, aided by his wife, recently entertained the Class of 1928. Mrs. Rudley is showing as great an interest in Alumni and school affairs as her husband, which is quite generous.

ISRAEL ABRAHAMOWITZ, 391 Joseph Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

EXCHANGE

(Continued from page 22)

in the *Perkiomenville*, Perkiomen Prep, Pennsburg, Pa., was "Victory Preferred", by Bernhard Garber. The Athletic department is a complimen to Alfred Heizer.

The *Cadet*, St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis., is appealing through its cover, cuts and jokes.

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DOYLESTOWN, PA.

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of

JOHNNY HOCK

FARM SCHOOL'S STUDENT TONSORIAL ARTIST

A PASSING THOUGHT

(Continued from page 6)

Nature teaches us the greatest lesson of all. In studying the life of plants one learns the great fundamental lesson. When life seems dull and we do not seem to play any very important part in the world, if we could have the grace to wait, and the patience to store up knowledge while we wait, we, too, might some day be able to lift up our heads above the clouds and bring a happy message of courage to the rest of the world.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Articles of this nature are welcomed by the GLEANER and we hope that more students will endeavor to contribute in the near future.

CONTROVERSY OVER TUBERCULIN TESTING

(Continued from page 11)

appropriated was used, with sufficient evidence to warrant the exhaustion of the sum before the year was up. With continued tuberculin testing it will take a good many years and a goodly sum of money to produce tuberculin-free herds. The reward will be a premium for the milk produced from such herds. Will such a premium offset the loss incurred in building up such herds? At the rate cows are reacting to the test it will take a good many years to replace them. It

is logical to assume that high producers being under a great strain have low body vitality and are quite easily susceptible to the micisma of tuberculosis germs. This might involve a milk shortage, and perhaps higher prices for milk.

In the ultimate analysis the entire situation is a matter of individual opinion influencing the individual according to his prejudices. As long as there remains any danger of contamination to the public there should not be any hesitancy in testing. A little more consideration in reasonable indemnity would help immensely to relieve the issue.

Mr. Groman (after explaining the carburetor for a full period)—“Now, is this clear?”

John—“There's one thing I don't understand.”

Mr. Groman—“What is it?”

John—“What is a carburetor?”

Mr. Wing—“I've had enough from you, Lehrer, get out and stay out.”

Lehrer (15 minutes later)—“Mr. Wing—”

Mr. Wing—“I thought I told you to get out?”

Lehrer—“But I can't hear so well outside.”

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Ivory doesn't rust.

DEAR MR. REE,

Why do bulls have rings in their nose?

LOTTA CRUST.

DEAR MISS CRUST,

Foolish child, why that's his wedding ring.

DEAR MR. REE,

Do catfish have kittens?

LESTER RENE.

DEAR LESTER,

Search me; do dogfish have puppies?

Mr. Schmieder—"What is the rotation of crops?"

Blumer—"Putting them in a box, and shaking 'em around."

Mr. Schmieder—"I said crops not craps."

Bloom—"What do you mean by telling Helen that I'm a fool?"

Zaroe—"I'm sorry I didn't know it was a secret."

Bullet—"Hey, Morphy, hear about the race?"

Weshner—"What race?"

Bullet—"The human race, but you're not in it. Oooh."

Mayer—"So that's final?"

Sarah—"Yes, shall I return your letters?"

Mayer—"Yes, there's some good material in them that I can use on some other girl."

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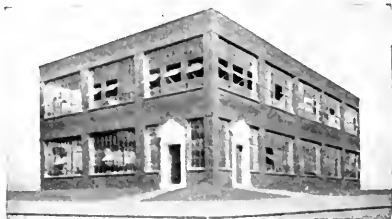
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